The Critic

Published weekly, at 743 Broadway, New York, by

THE CRITIC COMPANY.

Entered at Second-Class Mail-Matter at the Post-Office at New York, N. Y.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 1, 1887.

AMERICAN NEWS COMPANY *general agents. Single copies sold, and subscriptions taken, at The Critic office, No.* 743 *Broadway. Also, by Charles Scribner's Sons, G. P. Putnam's Sons, E. P. Dutton & Co., Brentano Bros., and the principal news-dealers in the city. Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co. (Old Corner Book-store). Philadelphia: John Wanamaker. Washington: Brentano Brothers. Chicago: Brentano Bros. New Orleans: George F. Wharton,* 5 *Carondelet Street. San Francisco: Strickland & Pierson. London: B. F. Stevens,* 4 *Trafalgar Square. Paris: Galignani's,* 224 *Rue de Rivoli. Rome: Office of the Nuova Antologia.*

A Word about Tennyson.

BEAUTIFUL as the song was, the original 'Locksley Hall' of half a century ago was essentially morbid, heart-broken, finding fault with everything, especially the fact of money's being made (as it ever must be, and perhaps should be) the paramount matter in worldly affairs.

Every door is barr'd with gold, and opens but to golden keys.

First, a father, having fallen in battle, his child (the singer)

Was left a trampled orphan, and a selfish uncle's ward.

Of course love ensues. The woman in the chant or monologue proves a false one; and as far as appears the ideal of woman, in the poet's reflections, is a false one, at any rate for America. Woman is *not* 'the lesser man.' (The heart is not the brain.) The best of the piece of fifty years since is its concluding line:

For the mighty wind arises roaring seaward and I go.

Then for this current 1886–7, a just-out sequel, which (as an apparently authentic summary says) 'reviews the life of mankind during the past sixty years, and comes to the conclusion that its boasted progress is of doubtful credit to the world in general and to England in particular. A cynical vein of denunciation of democratic opinions and aspirations runs throughout the poem, in marked contrast with the spirit of the poet's youth.' Among the most striking lines of this sequel are the following:

Envy wears the mask of love, and, laughing sober fact to scorn,
Cries to weakest as to strongest, 'Ye are equals, equal-born.'
Equal-born! Oh yes, if yonder hill be level with the flat.
Charm us, orator, till the lion look no larger than the cat;
Till the cat, through that mirage of overheated language, loom
Larger than the lion Demos—end in working its own doom.

* * * * * * * * *

Tumble nature heel over head, and, yelling with the yelling street,
Set the feet above the brain and swear the brain is in the feet.
Bring the old Dark Ages back, without the faith, without the hope
Beneath the State, the Church, the throne, and roll their ruins down the slope.

I should say that all this is a legitimate consequence of the tone and convictions of the earlier standards and points of view. Then some reflections, down to the hard-pan of this sort of thing.

The course of progressive politics (democracy) is so certain and resistless, not only in America but in Europe, that we can well afford the warning calls, threats, checks, neutralizings, in imaginative literature, or any department, of such deep-sounding and high-soaring voices as Carlyle's and Tennyson's. Nay, the blindness, excesses, of the prevalent tendency—the dangers of the urgent trends of our times—in my opinion, need such voices almost more than any. I should, too, call it a signal instance of democratic humanity's luck that it has such enemies to contend with—so candid, so fervid, so heroic. But why do I say enemy? Upon the whole is not Tennyson—and was not Carlyle (like an honest and stern physician)—the true friend of our age?

Let me assume to pass verdict, or perhaps momentary judgment, for the United States on this poet—a removed and distant position giving some advantages over a nigh one. What is Tennyson's service to his race, times, and especially to America? First, I should say, his personal character. He is not to be mentioned as a rugged, evolutionary, aboriginal force—but (and a great lesson is in it) he has been consistent throughout with the native, personal, healthy, patriotic spinal element and promptings of himself. His moral line is local and conventional, but it is vital and genuine. He reflects the upper-crust of his time, its pale cast of thought—even its *ennui*. Then the simile of my friend John Burroughs is entirely true, 'his glove is a glove of silk, but the hand is a hand of iron.' He shows how one can be a royal laureate, quite elegant and 'aristocratic,' and a little queer and affected, and at the same time perfectly manly and natural. As to his non-democracy, it fits him well, and I like him the better for it. I guess we all like to have (I am sure I do) some one who presents those sides of a thought, or possibility, different from our own—different, and yet with a sort of home-likeness—a tartness and contradiction offsetting the theory as we view it, and construed from tastes and proclivities not at all our own.

To me, Tennyson shows more than any poet I know (perhaps has been a warning to me) how much there is in finest verbalism. There is such a latent charm in mere words, cunning collocutions, and in the voice ringing them, which he has caught and brought out, beyond all others—as in the line,

And hollow, hollow, hollow, all delight,

in 'The Passing of Arthur,' and evidenced in 'The Lady of Shalott,' 'The Deserted House,' and many other pieces. Among the best (I often linger over them again and again) are 'Lucretius,' 'The Lotos Eaters,' and 'The Northern Farmer.' His mannerism is great, but it is a noble and welcome mannerism. His very best work, to me, is contained in the books of 'The Idyls of the King,' all of them, and all that has grown out of them. Though indeed we could spare nothing of Tennyson, however small or however peculiar—not 'Break, Break,' nor 'Flower in the Crannied Wall' nor the old, eterally-told passion of 'Edward Gray:'

Love may come and love may go,
And fly like a bird from tree to tree
But I will love no more, no more
Till Ellen Adair come back to me.

Yes, Alfred Tennyson's is a superb character, and will help give illustriousness, through the long roll of time, to our Nineteenth Century. In its bunch of orbic names, shining like a constellation of stars, his will be one of the brightest. His very faults, doubts, swervings, doublings upon himself, have been typical of our age. We are like the voyagers of a ship, casting off for new seas, distant shores. We would still dwell in the old suffocating and dead haunts, remembering and magnifying their pleasant experiences only, and more than once impelled to jump ashore before it is too late, and stay where our fathers stayed, and live as they lived.

May-be I am non-literary and non-decorous (let me at least be human, and pay part of my debt) in this word about Tennyson. I want him to realize that here is a great and ardent Nation that absorbs his songs, and has a respect and affection for him personally, as almost for no other foreigner. I want this word to go to the old man at Farringford as conveying no more than the simple truth; and that truth (a little Christmas gift) no slight one either. I have written impromptu, and shall let it all go at that. The readers of more than fifty millions of people in the New World not only owe to him some of their most agreeable and harmless and healthy hours, but he has entered into the formative influences of character here, not only in the Atlantic cities, but inland and far West, out in Missouri, in

Kansas, and away in Oregon, in farmer's house and miner's cabin.

Best thanks, anyhow, to Alfred Tennyson—thanks and appreciation in America's name.

WALT WHITMAN.

An Old Poem of Tennyson's.

NOT long ago, a friend in Washington wrote me that he believed he had found an early poem of Tennyson's which was not included in any of his collected editions. He met with it in a volume picked up at a book auction—'The Tribute: a Collection of Miscellaneous Unpublished Poems by Various Authors, Edited by Lord Northampton,' London, 1837. He had shown the poem to several friends who were students of Tennyson, but none of them remembered to have seen it. He was kind enough to send me a copy of it, and I recognized it at once as a piece that I had heard of and read about as published in 1837 and incorporated into 'Maud' eighteen years later. George Brimley, for instance ('Cambridge Essays,' 1855), refers to it as 'recovered from the pages of a long-forgotten miscellany, and set as a jewel amid jewels;' and Swinburne, in the London *Academy* (Jan. 29th, 1876), calls it 'the poem of deepest charm and fullest delight of pathos and melody ever written even by Mr. Tennyson; since recast into new form and refreshed with new beauty to fit it for reappearance among the crowning passages of "Maud."' It is interesting, moreover, as being the first production of Tennyson's that was noticed by *The Edinburgh Review*, which, in October, 1837, said of it: 'We do not profess perfectly to understand the somewhat mysterious contribution of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, entitled "Stanzas;" but amidst some quaintness, and some occasional absurdities of expression, it is not difficult to detect the hand of a true poet—such as the author of "Mariana" and the "Lines on the Arabian Nights" undoubtedly is—in those stanzas which describe the appearance of a visionary form, by which the writer is supposed to be haunted, amidst the streets of a crowded city.'

The 'Stanzas,' in their revised form, appear in the 24th division of 'Maud' as originally published, and in the 4th division of Part II. as arranged in the recent editions. I am sure that many readers of THE CRITIC will like to see them as printed in 1837, and to compare at their leisure the omissions, additions, alterations, and transpositions, by which the original 110 lines were transformed into the present 98—all the changes, to my thinking, being for the better.

CAMBRIDGE, December 20th, 1886. W. J. ROLFE.

STANZAS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, ESQ.

Oh! that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true-love
Round me once again!

When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter,
Than anything on earth.

A shadow flits before me—
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah God! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

It leads me forth at Evening,
It lightly winds and steals
In a cold white robe before me,
When all my spirit reels
At the shouts, the leagues of lights,
And the roaring of the wheels.

Half the night I waste in sighs,
In a wakeful doze I sorrow
For the hand, the lips, the eyes—
For the meeting of to-morrow,
The delight of happy laughter,
The delight of low replies.

Do I hear the pleasant ditty,
That I heard her chant of old?
But I wake—my dream is fled,
Without knowledge, without pity—
In the shuddering dawn behold,
By the curtains of my bed,
That abiding phantom cold.

Then I rise: the eave-drops fall
And the yellow vapors choke
The great city sounding wide;
The day comes—a dull red ball
Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke,
On the misty river-tide.

Thro' the hubbub of the market
I steal, a wasted frame;
It crosseth here, it crosseth there—
Thro' all that crowd, confused and loud,
The shadow still the same;
And on my heavy eyelids
My anguish hangs like shame.

Alas for her that met me,
That heard me softly call—
Came glimmering thro' the laurels
At the quiet even fall,
In the garden by the turrets
Of the old Manorial Hall.

Then the broad light glares and beats,
And the sunk eye flits and fleets,
And will not let me be.
I loathe the squares and streets,
And the faces that one meets,
Hearts with no love for me;
Always I long to creep
To some still cavern deep,
And to weep, and weep, and weep
My whole soul out to thee.

Get thee hence, nor come again,
Pass and cease to move about—
Pass, thou death-like type of pain,
Mix not Memory with doubt.
'Tis the blot upon the brain
That *will* show itself without.

Would the happy spirit descend
In the chamber or the street
As she looks among the blest;
Should I fear to greet my friend,
Or to ask her, 'Take me, sweet,
To the region of thy rest.'

But she tarries in her place,
And I paint the beauteous face
Of the maiden, that I lost,
In my inner eyes again,
Lest my heart be overborne
By the thing I hold in scorn,
By a dull mechanic ghost
And a juggle of the brain.

I can shadow forth my bride
As I knew her fair and kind,
As I woo'd her for my wife;
She is lovely by my side
In the silence of my life—
'Tis a phantom of the mind.

'Tis a phantom fair and good;
I can call it to my side,
So to guard my life from ill,
Tho' its ghastly sister glide
And be moved around me still
With the moving of the blood,
That is moved not of the will.

Let it pass, the dreary brow,
Let the dismal face go by.

Will it lead me to the grave?
Then I lose it: it will fly:
Can it overlast the nerves?
Can it overlie the eye?
But the other, like the star,
Thro' the channel windeth far
Till it fade and fail and die,
To its Archetype that waits,
Clad in light by golden gates—
Clad in light the Spirit waits
To embrace me in the sky.

Reviews

Helen Jackson's Poems.*

THERE is a pretty, old-fashioned French song that runs:

Lente caresse
Aux sons voilés,
Son chant nous laisse
Ensorcelés.

It is with something like this 'lente caresse,' this beautiful touch, that one is affected on reading the poems of H. H.—drops of honey slowly exuded from a brimming honey-comb, accords from a great harp touched but too rarely, sonnets and singing lines that are pictures even more than they are poems. When, a little after the War, this new voice began to be heard in the papers—

la voix profonde
Des printemps amoureux,—

thoughtful people at once surmised the advent of a new force, editors pricked up their ears, readers gathered in the rare scraps of verse signed simply H. H., and put them away in their albums. These verses were often so strong and meaty that their author was at once set down as a man: masculine vigor, virility, intellectual power, even more than grace and beauty, stamped them with a uniqueness which was sadly lacking to the multitudinous 'wishy-wash' of the day. Their very harshness bit like the poison in the Sardinian honey: their often rugged interrogative form, their hapless if not hopeless questioning, soon the great grief that grew upon and overclouded them, awoke a vivid interest, and made people ask who this mysterious H. H. was. Now and then a prose sketch characterized by great beauty and powerful word-painting was flung off and printed in the magazines, signed with the same pillar-of-Hercules-like H. H., and the author was set down as a prose-writer even more remarkable for poetic *garniture* and robust picturesqueness than for pointed and painted verse. Soon—for poets' secrets will out—people began to speak of the author as 'she,' and H. H. emerged from her cloud in the true ambrosial fashion, revealing herself not as a god but as a goddess, breathing celestial odors, but none the less impregnated with the sweet and helpful essences of earth.

A great new woman poet was thus gained to the ranks of American literature, and from that hour—from about 1865-1866, when she began to write—it grew richer and more melodious with all the richness and melody which a genius of concentrated gifts could shed. She was of that cloven nature, too, which has two precious *amphoræ* into which to shed its sweetness, for her prose instinct wrestled with her poetic no less powerfully than a tropical cotton-wood does with the vine that wraps and tries to strangle it. Indeed, many people find in her prose writings—her 'Bits of Travel' and her romances—a veritable well of Zem-Zem from which they draw even more refreshment, even more vividly wrought and astonishing bits of poetry, than from her strong, sweet, triumphant, but occasionally prosaic and argumentative verse. Thus the volume before us, wherein her verse is gathered as in a golden sheaf, contains hardly one piece, unless it be the marvellous 'Story of Boon,' altogether comparable for poetic coloring to some of the Colorado sketches in prose or the reminiscences of Norwegian fjords, which glimmer with hidden dartings and flashings and are thick as any opal with the sudden leapings and lambencies of true poetry. H. H. scorned, indeed, the musical jingle of the schools (one can imagine her sickening over Mrs. Hemans or L. E. L.), and hewed out for herself an almost austere verse-mould wherein her thoughts were cast. This is perhaps one reason why her poems do not stick so tenaciously to the memory; they are not jingling mnemonics or mucilaginous melodies that cleave for very sweetness—and stickiness—to the mind. Many of them contain profound thoughts, sometimes obscure from their very depth; and they do not yield up a facile meaning at the first touch, They are rather like those rare substances which are odorless until they are taken into the mouth, when they give off an exquisite perfume that is more an intoxicant to the brain than to the gustatory centres. Such poems of hers as once seat themselves in the memory are not easily unhorsed, and the perfume—the spiritual and ineffable music—which they continue to give off, is at once an irritant and an emollient delicate to the intellectual sense and enduring as the ambered gum of the Baltic. That our poor life is capable of such products as this volume is one more proof of the immortality of things—that *natura rerum* over which Lucretius elegized and then shed his sacrificial blood.

* Sonnets and Lyrics. By Helen Jackson. $1.00. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Three Browning Books.*

THE 'Browning fever' is fast spreading through the country, and an eruption of books is naturally one of the forms in which it works itself out. Of the three before us the first (1) is a paper-covered manual intended for the use of a Browning Club in Chicago, but likely to be useful to similar societies elsewhere, and also to students and readers in general. It gives chronological and classified lists of Browning's poems, interspersed with historical and explanatory notes, after the plan of the 'Bibliography' prepared by the London society. These lists are also arranged to serve as programs for a thorough study of the poet; and 'shorter programs' are added for a briefer course of study. These are followed by brief notes on 'Helps to the Study of Browning,' 'Browning Societies,' 'Rules for Literary Clubs,' 'Browning and the Critics,' and sundry matters pretaining to the work of the Chicago Society. Altogether it is an unpretentious and creditable piece of work.

'Sordello's Story' (2) is not only retold in prose by Miss Wall, but a 'historical introduction' of thirty pages is prefixed, which is a helpful commentary on the poem; and a 'study of the character of Sordello' is appended, which also partially makes up for the lack of an annotated edition of this most obscure of Browning's works. It is said that a certain Browning Club began with 'Sordello,' and steadily 'pegged away at it' for three years. This book might have saved them one good year, if not two years. Indeed, it seems to furnish all the aid that any reader who is fit to attack Browning at all ought to need for getting comfortably, if not enjoyably, through the poem. Those who want more help had better either not attempt 'Sordello' at all, or put it last on their program of Browning readings.

Miss Burt's essay on 'Browning's Women' (3) is meant rather as a guide for the average reader than an exhaustive criticism for the student. Rev. Edward Everett Hale gives it a brief introduction in which he emphasizes this modest aim of the author. She 'has pointed out,' he says, 'many things in the character and lives of Browning's women which less careful readers might have passed by unnoticed.' He adds that 'the best good which she can do to her readers is to set them to study this poet, or indeed any poet, with systematic and tender care like hers, and not to be satisfied with reading as they run, or skate, or shoot along.' Well said; but there is some reason to fear that just now, when 'Browning is the fashion,' this book and the others noticed above will often be made use of as means of dis-

* 1. Robert Browning's Poetry. Outline studies published for the Chicago Browning Society. 25 cts. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co. 2. Sordello's Story, Retold in Prose. By Annie Wall. $1.00. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 3. Browning's Women. By Mary E. Burt. $1.00. Chicago: C. H. Kerr & Co.

pensing with study—as enabling one to talk glibly about the poet without the bore or bother of getting really acquainted with him. The shallower hangers-on of the Browning clubs know well how to avail themselves of such helps to affectation and hypocrisy.

"Brandes's Literary Portraits."*

THOUGH the literary portrait was essentially a creation of French genius and owes its perfection of form and delightfulness of detail to Ste.-Beuve and his school, it is a kind of composition which has shown itself most easy of transplantation and perpetuation in other than French soils. Thus, the *divisi toto orbe Britanni*—those Britons who were long divided from the rest of the intellectual world by more than a hemisphere, even more than they were in the conception of Tacitus—soon found for it in their inhospitable isle a ready soil, and made it bloom forth with art and luxuriance in the brilliant pages of Macaulay and the numerous brief biographies of English men-of-letters. The Danes, who are called the French of the North, even as the Swedes have an Italian touch, have now taken up this comparatively novel artistic method, and bid fair to rival in it the brilliancy of the English and the spirituality and finish of the French. The Danish Ste.-Beuve—Dr. George Brandes—the first of living Scandinavian critics, has long been known as the author of volumes of literary criticism pertaining to Germany, France and England which have made his career epoch-making for quiet little Denmark. Since Andersen died, no Dane has attracted half the attention that has fallen to the lot of Brandes. Expelled from Copenhagen some years ago by the outcries of a narrow orthodoxy, voluntarily or involuntarily, he took up his residence in Berlin. Later, a revulsion of opinion having taken place, he was recalled to his native land (unlike the Norwegian Ibsen), and a purse was made up for him by enthusiastic admirers. Eventually, we believe, he became connected with the University of Copenhagen, and lectured before large audiences who found in his exposition of literary phenomena an eloquence, research and felicity of style which have caused him to be compared with his friend Henri Taine. We remember reading with delight his volumes on the chief literary tendencies—the *Haupt-strömungen* as he called them in the German translation—of the Nineteenth Century, as they came out in the original Danish, and we were astounded at the pliancy and opulence of a language which we had hitherto associated only with the simplicity of Holberg and the *naïveté* of Andersen and Björnson. Brandes has brooded over and energized upon the language until it seems capable of reproducing the most delicate and recondite phases of thought. His peculiar psychological methods of criticism lead to this, and he will ultimately leave his mother-tongue as fertilized in this direction as did the wonderful fabulist of Copenhagen in the realm of fairy-lore.

The volume now before us is a charming instance of Brandes's skill in literary portraiture. The nine essays of which it consists embrace no less than six different nationalities—German, English, French, Swedish, Danish and Norwegian,—for his object in thus grouping his polyglot studies together has been to furnish his readers with a picture of the present as a whole, to arrive at its general physiognomy by characterizing as faithfully and vividly as possible some of its typical forms. In this way he has selected Andersen and Paludan-Müller for Denmark, Björnson and Ibsen for Norway, Tegnér for Sweden, Flaubert and Renan for France, John Stuart Mill for England and Paul Heyse for Germany. The essays, often diametrically opposed in treatment, are connected by a spiritual tie, and furnish the reader, especially in regard to Denmark, Sweden and Norway, with an admirable series of sketches of characteristic figures. The difference and individuality of treatment in each portrait forms one of the charms of the book, which was written originally in German for a German audience, and has been pleasantly though not faultlessly translated by Prof. R. B. Anderson, our Minister to Denmark. Thus, some of the essays bristle with delightful personalities, anecdotes and reminiscences of the author's personal encounters with the writer he is discussing. Others bring out the character and temper of the poet or philosopher as exhaustively as possible. Some are purely studies in literary psychology or æsthetics, while others are eminently biographical and historical. In the midst of such agreeable company Brandes's own highly charged temperament and warm, sensuous Semitic nature glow and sparkle with life and animation; and while one may not give assent to all his judgments and conclusions, his methods are very interesting and the play of his own individuality is not the least entertaining part of the work. He has known personally every one of the authors discussed except Tegnér; and therefore his essays and discussions leave more than a mere transitory impression. They are living studies, often from the nude, often to the marrow of the author studied, always with a vivid reality and a distinct purpose.

* Eminent Authors of the Nineteenth Century. By Dr. George Brandes. Translated by Rasmus B. Anderson, U. S. Minister to Denmark. $2. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Jeremiah Lewis Diman.*

THE late Prof. J. Lewis Diman, of Brown University, was deemed by all his friends a man of unusual breadth and depth of learning, and of firm and attractive character. His reputation as a preacher and writer was undoubtedly limited, but in Providence, Hartford, Fall River, Boston, Cambridge, and other cities where he had lived or often spoken he was soundly esteemed, as well as in the College of his graduation, where he worked for nearly twenty years. His posthumously published books, 'The Theistic Argument as Affected by Recent Theories' (Lowell Lectures), and 'Orations and Essays, with Selected Parish Sermons,' strongly illustrate his powers and abilities, of which they present a memorial and record in some ways adequate. The former was edited by Prof. Fisher of Yale, and the latter by Prof. Murray of Princeton, whose affectionate biographical address left room for the larger memorial by Caroline Hazard, now handsomely published under the title of 'Memoirs,' compiled from letters, journals, miscellaneous papers, and personal recollections of friends. Prof. Diman's Chair was that of History and Political Economy, but his real work was that of a Broad Churchman. In the different American conditions, he helped to mellow and sweeten the religious life of New England as truly as Maurice or Robertson or Stanley helped to mellow and sweeten that of Old England. Himself a Congregationalist, he taught in a Baptist college; often preached in King's Chapel, representing the liturgical Unitarians; worshipped when he chose in an Episcopal Church; and while sympathizing with the spiritual rather than the dogmatic section of his own denomination, yet rated the Puritans and their work by a just estimate. Few American scholars ever had so many 'calls.' Professor Diman declined, at one time and another, professorships in the Harvard Divinity School, Harvard College, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, the University of Vermont, and the University of Wisconsin; and pastorships of Horace Bushnell's Church in Hartford, the Second Church in Boston, and the Arlington Street Church in the same city. He failed, we fear—like that greater scholar, Ezra Abbot—to make a deep or lasting mark on our literature; but few lives of contemporary clergymen so well illustrated true Christian catholicity. From his career may be drawn a winsome and wholesome lesson, which may well be studied in more than one of the denominations with which he had to do.

* Memoirs of the Rev. J. Lewis Diman, D.D. Compiled from his letters, journals, and writings, and the recollections of his friends. By Caroline Hazard. $2. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Minor Notices.

'MILTON'S SONNETS,' by Alden Sampson, privately printed in handsome style at the De Vinne Press, is 'a paper read before the Association of the Alumni of Haverford College' last June. It is better than the average of such papers. The consideration of Milton's Sonnets is prefaced by a discussion of the capabilities and advantages of this form of verse. Perhaps the best thing in this part of the essay is the remark that 'The sestet should bear the same relation to the octave that the New Testament does to the Old; it should be the fulfilment and consummation of the former's hopes and promises.' The comments on Milton's sonnets are minute and often keen. In those upon the sonnet to Mr. Lawrence, the ambiguity in the closing couplet is noted:

> He who of these delights can judge, and spare
> To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

As Mr. Sampson says, 'Milton does not mean that the man is wise who will spare time to interpose these good things frequently; what he wished to enforce was a sparing indulgence in repasts however "neat" with wine.' So far as we know, Keightley is the only editor who has adopted the former explanation; but the ellipsis of 'time' would be peculiar, while 'spare to' in the sense of 'refrain from' is not uncommon in Elizabethan writers; as in 'Coriolanus,' I. 1., 260: 'Being moved, he will not spare to gird the gods.'

NUMBERS V. and VI. of the Papers of the New York Shakspeare Society are printed together. The former is on 'Time in the Play of Hamlet,' by Mr. E. P. Vining, who decides that the action is included in three periods of two days each, with an interval of two months between the first two pairs, and one of a month or so between the last two. This does not differ essentially from the 'Time-Analysis' of Mr. P. A. Daniel, who adds a day to Vining's second pair, and suggests, though somewhat doubtfully, a week as the length of the second interval. No reference is made to Daniel's discussion of the question. The other paper is by Mr. James D. Butler, and treats of 'The Once-Used Words in Shakspeare.' It appears to be a revision of his article on the subject in *Lippincott's Magazine* some years ago. The number of these words is amazing, being equal to the full vocabulary of the average author. Mr. Butler has not counted them all, but estimates the total as about 6,500. Milton uses only about 8,000 words in all, and few writers have exceeded 6,000, if we may trust the limited statistics in this line that are accessible. The paper is one of the most interesting that the Society has printed; and the subject, as Mr. Butler suggests, may well repay further investigation.

WE are indebted to Mr. Thorvald Solberg for one of the fifty copies of his paper on 'International Copyright in the Congress of the United States,' read at the Milwaukee Conference of the Library Association, and now reprinted from *The Library Journal*. From this valuable and highly interesting monograph it appears that the first movement upon the subject in Congress was made in February, 1837, when Henry Clay presented a memorial of British authors, and, a few days later, from the Committee to whom this was referred, reported the first International Copyright bill. During the fifty years since then, twelve different bills have been prepared, and the subject has been before Congress twenty-one times, discussed in memorials, petitions, reports and debates. The method proposed in the Chace bill, now awaiting the action of Congress, is identical with that suggested more than half a century ago. That our law-makers have labored so long with no result, appears to be owing not altogether to unwillingness on their part to do the right thing, but to their inability to discover just what the people want—the diverse opinions and recommendations of authors and publishers and readers being most perplexing. If the authors and publishers and printers were to agree upon a plan, there could be no doubt of its speedy adoption.

THE second volume of 'The Iconographic Encyclopædia' (Philadelphia: Iconographic Publishing Co.) is, in its subjects, a continuation and complement of the first. Dr. Brinton's treatise on prehistoric archæology, which fills 116 pages of print, with several pages of illustrations, gives a full and clear summary of the results of the latest investigations concerning the arts and social condition of the primitive races, from the earliest times to the dawn of history. It is followed by an elaborate 'History of Culture' (*Culturgeschichte*), by Dr. J. L. August von Eye, the well-known author, formerly Curator of the Germania Museum in Nuremburg, and now a professor in Brazil. His treatise, which may justly be styled a History of Civilization, commences with the earliest written records—those of the Egyptians and Assyrians—and comes down to our own days. It is well translated, and is very judiciously annotated by Mr. John Foster Kirk, whose concise and careful notes supply omissions in the text, and occasionally correct a laspe in the author's statements and reasonings.—— BOSTONIAN serenity need not be disturbed because of the new 'satire' entitled 'The Imitators: a Poem of Boston Life' (Cupples, Upham & Co.). It lacks the movement, the fun, and the literary skill of books like 'The Buntling Ball' or 'The Little Tin Gods on Wheels,' and it is very far from showing sustained narrative ability of a more serious kind. It is not amusing; it does not suggest Boston life and characteristics, save by clumsy external statements; and it does not tell its love-story in a natural way. The author has apparently read quite widely, but, as her characters are not representative, so her poems in various metres are not parodies. With the sincerest desire to be amused, or entertained, or instructed, the best we can say for this book is that it seems like a thin suggestion of Mr. Robert Buchanan's least successful work.

'THE MAMMALIA in Their Relation to Primeval Times,' by Professor Oscar Schmidt, of Strasburg University (Appleton), is a valuable addition to the International Scientific Series. The author is well-known to the readers of this Series by his earlier book on 'The Doctrine of Descent and Darwinism.' In the present work, the succession of the mammalian genera and species is traced, according to the development theory, from the Australian 'duck-mole' to man. The results of the recent researches on this continent, which have so immensely enlarged the scientific horizon in this direction, are carefully recorded, and due credit is given to Leidy, Marsh, Cope, and other American investigators, for their important discoveries. The evolutionary genealogy of the horse, the stock Darwinian example, is set forth with special minuteness in both its lines, the Old World and the American—the latter being, as is well known, much the most complete. The author is inclined to accept Prof. Cope's view of the probable future reduction of human dentition; not that man will become a toothless animal, as has been humorously suggested, but that in the contraction of his jaws—which is really an evidence of progress—the number of his teeth will probably be diminished. 'The man,' we are told, 'who is engaged in making inventions and in scientific pursuits, and is advancing and encouraging all the nobler and more refined enjoyments, is not improving the instruments for the acquisition of foods.' 'Scientific experiences,' adds Prof. Schmidt, 'convince us of the sure advance of humanity, and of the gradual and general diffusion of morality, culture and well-being among the various races of Man.' Thus our genial author finds in Darwinism an antidote to the pessimistic distemper which has smitten one school of modern philosophy. His work, while occasionally lacking in clearness (for which, perhaps, the translation is partly in fault) and not professing to be exhaustive, must be pronounced an able and judicious summary of the latest conclusions of science, in one of its most interesting departments.

WE HAVE seldom seen a volume of essays so badly written, so full of fallacies and misstatements, and so unappreciative of its subjects, as William Henry Thorne's 'Modern Idols' (Lippincott). As the preface tells us that these essays were originally prepared for a daily journal, we might in charity attribute some part of their flimsiness of style and substance to journalistic haste, had not the author also told us that they have been thoroughly revised for republication. Mr. Thorne promises us that we shall find in these papers many thoughts not to be found elsewhere, and in this he has not deceived us. It would take a book as large as 'Modern Idols' to point out the errors of statement, judgment and language he is guilty of. For any who are curious, a reading of the first essay—that on Matthew Arnold—will give an idea of the book. Space will permit us only to quote a few sentences without other comment than the use of italics. 'Our Benedict Arnold, called the traitor, and the English Edwin, of the same name, translator of Asiatic myths, are both of different and lighter mould, *with a far less serious mission in this world*.' (Can Mr. Thorne enlighten us as to what Benedict Arnold's 'mission in this world' was?) 'He only fails of being a poet and prophet of the human soul and the future as he fails of the highest Christian faith and an utter abandonment of all his powers to some strange new preaching of it. *He may think that this is what he is doing; but it is not.*' 'He was born at Laleham in 1823, and only needed to be born again.' '. . . led him to waste a great many of his earlier years in writing *what is called poetry*. The fact that Mr. Arnold did not keep to this business (?) is proof enough that it never mastered him or he it.' 'Neither Emerson nor Carlyle would hardly have dared to use such a sentence.' (Evidently there is no sentence

that Mr. Thorne would not dare to use.) And so on *ad nauseam*. And these are all within sixteen small pages which he ends with this original stanza:

> He said, 'Life's true law is duty,
> And the meaning of that law
> Is to cease all search for booty
> And to clip the lion's claw.'

Through every one of these essays on Matthew Arnold, Browning, Ole Bull, Burns, George Eliot, George Sand and Carlyle, there is the same poor English, the same comical obtuseness, the same narrow morality. Mr. Thorne should read his authors' books, study a good rhetoric, learn the canons of criticism and try again. Some parts of his essay on Ole Bull show fair ability to tell a story.

Boston Letter.

THE literary news of the moment that I had rather not hear is that the Papyrus Club will not have a 'ladies' night' this year. The Papyrus resembles more than any other institution of the kind the Lotus Club of New York, except that its meetings are infrequent and that it has no club house. It is a mixture of lawyers, journalists, architects, painters, actors, doctors and business men, the latter being very properly kept by numerical inferiority at the base of Olympus. From time to time it has a dinner, supplemented by literary exercises, such as the reading of poems and travesties; a burlesque report by the Secretary (admirably done now by that clear versifier, Mr. James Jaffrey Roche); story-telling, and a utilization of any unusual experience or special talent that the members may have. I think it was to the Papyrus Club that Mr. Bartley Hubbard went, in 'A Modern Instance,' after his elopement with poor Marcia, when he made his hit as a special writer for *The Chronicle Abstract*. But it has grown since then in numbers, and instead of the water and beer which flowed in Bartley's days, Perrier-Jouet, or something that profanes the name of Chambertin or Pommard, is now the tipple of the club. One of the customs at the end of dinner is the passing of the 'loving cup,' a silver vessel bound with a silk cloth and filled with spiced wine, which, starting from the President at the head of the table, is passed from hand to hand, each standing and bowing as he receives it, and sipping from it before, with another bow, he presents it to the person sitting next to him. This survival of the old civic banquets of London was suggested, I believe, by Mr. Charles Eyre Pascoe, who was one of the founders of this convivial institution.

The Papyrus, I should say, is distinctly convivial, and I have before me an amusing brochure upon its Constitution, which was circulated ('printed, not published') among the members some time ago. The membership is divided into two classes, literary and non-literary, and the question as to the difference between them is naïvely answered as follows in the brochure referred to, the full title of which is 'A Papyrus Primer, by the Author.' 'What is the difference between a literary member and a non-literary member? Well, sonny, a literary member fetches only ten dollars, while a non-literary member fetches twenty-five dollars, unless the man who proposes your name is up to snuff.' Upon another page, Article II. of the Club Bye-Laws is printed: 'The object of this Club shall be to promote good fellowship and literary and artistic tastes among its members,' which is thus commented upon in the 'Primer:' 'See this nice sentence. It is a choice extract from the Constitution. Is it not a beautiful paragraph? It was built to test the after-dinner punch with. If the sentence can be shouted with ease, then the punch is bad. But if the sentence cannot be shouted with ease, then the punch is good. Is it not a great invention? Let us all go and shout!' The author of the little book, by the way, is Mr. G. F. Babbitt, formerly a President of the Club, and an editor of the *Boston Post*. Another custom of the Club has been an annual banquet to which ladies have been invited, and it is the abandonment of this that I regret. It has always been the most brilliant occasion of the year, and it will be a pity if it is not revived.

There is no club in Boston where one is so likely to meet literary people and to hear literary news as at the Old Corner Bookstore of Cupples, Upham & Co., through the dusky interior of which a good deal of the literary history of the town reverberates, bringing up visions of Dickens and Thackeray, Longfellow, Emerson, Lowell, Holmes and Whittier. There is no place of the kind in New York. It is an old gambrel-roofed building at the corner of Washington and School Streets, with low-studded ceilings and a general appearance of having been lifted bodily out of Paternoster Row or Fleet Street. It was built after the fire of 1711, and it has been occupied as a publishing-house and a bookstore since 1828. The palmiest days of Ticknor & Fields were spent here; here James T. Fields came to begin life as a clerk at the age of fourteen; and here, too, James R. Osgood served his apprenticeship. Ticknor & Fields were succeeded as tenants by E. P. Dutton & Co., and in 1869 A. Williams & Co. took possession, to be succeeded in turn by the present occupants, Cupples, Upham & Co. It is scarcely possible for one to enter at any time of the day without noticing a youngish-looking man of quiet, unobtrusive ways, and an air of sagacity beyond the years which his face would indicate. This is Mr. J. G. Cupples, the head of the firm, who though not more than thirty-six years of age has long been a notability among the publishers of this city. He is a nephew of George Cupples, author of 'The Green Hand,' which Clark Russell has called the best sea-story ever written, and his aunt, Mrs. George Cupples, is also the author of several clever books. Mr. Cupples was born in Edinburgh and came to the United States when he was ten years old. He was a very small boy indeed, when he entered the service of A. Williams & Co., at the store No. 100 Washington Street, where the *Advertiser* building now stands, but before he reached twenty he was a partner in that firm. James T. Fields took the friendliest interest in him and constantly helped him with suggestions and advice, and the celebrated author-publisher never had a distinguished guest that he did not bring down to the Old Corner for introduction to his young protegé. An excellent bookseller, Mr. Cupples is also a shrewd publisher, and is constantly extending the higher branch of his business, one of the most notable of recent books published by him being 'Rambles in Old Boston,' a large quarto, by the Rev. Edward G. Porter, of Lexington, with illustrations by George R. Tolman. Cupples, Upham & Co. will also publish this week 'Old Boston Taverns and Tavern Clubs,' by Samuel Adams Drake—a pretty, square 12mo. pamphlet. A portion of the same matter was read before the Bostonian Society several years ago, but no part of the book has ever before been printed. Mr. John T. Wheelwright's new novel, which I announced in my last letter, will be called 'A Child of the Century,' instead of 'To-day,' the first title chosen for it. 'To-day' was too suggestive of 'the middle of next week,' into which its witty author was afraid the unkindly critics might knock it.

In its issue of January 13 *The Youth's Companion* will publish an article written expressly for it by Henri Taine, on 'The Study of English Literature,' the translation having been made by Mr. John Durand, who was chosen by Mons. Taine for the purpose. A few extracts which I am privileged to make from the proofs may be of interest to readers of THE CRITIC.

To be a great writer requires an idea of the world, a personal, original, comprehensive idea, which consists in a complete summing-up of one's experiences and reveries. What is life? Is it a good or an evil, or simply passable? Is it to be taken seriously or in sport? What is pleasure worth, and what is the authority of duty? Is it proper to follow law or nature? Must the individual rely upon traditions, or venture on free investigations? What is the child, the youth, the full-grown man, the young girl, the wife, the mother? What are the leading and sovereign forces which govern

man, and make him happy or miserable, virtuous or vicious? . . . The more genius a writer has, the more conclusive and precise is his answer. Swift arrives at complete pessimism. According to him, man is a wretched, unfortunate, ugly, odious, absurd, grotesque Yahoo. Addison maintains himself in a temperate optimism. According to him, all we have to do is 'to be easy here, and happy hereafter.' On public right and political freedom, on society and government, on religion and science, on civilization, history and morality, Carlyle gives the answer of the puritan, while Macaulay gives that of the liberal, both with a series of striking and multiplied illustrations, and an array of co-ordinate and powerful proofs.

Two ideas of human destiny, no less opposed to each other and no less fruitful, display themselves in Wordsworth and Lord Byron. On the two extremes of the soul, Fielding and Richardson each choose their own domain. What Fielding saw in man was the spontaneous and primitive forces, the irresistible impulses of temperament and of the heart, the violence of egoistic or generous instincts unrestrained by the proprieties of life or by precepts, and which impetuously and unawares leap over all barriers. What Richardson saw in man is intellectual and moral culture, the sway of religion, the ascendancy of principles and that domination of the conscience, which, developed in us by daily self-questioning, by arguing with ourselves, by habit and scruples, installs in our soul, not merely a witness, an overseer, an ever-living judge, but, again, an armed auxiliary, an almost invincible combatant which reanimates us in our weaknesses, and raises us after our fall.

It is a thoughtful and fertilizing article, and well represents the high standard of literary excellence this modest little periodical has set up for itself.

BOSTON, Dec. 27th, 1886. WILLIAM H. RIDEING.

Herr Seidl's Concert.

ON the evening of December 23d, Steinway Hall echoed to more applause and was the scene of more glad excitement than we can recall in connection with any simple concert of instrumental music. The occasion was the first of the symphonic soirees projected by Herr Anton Seidl. In the short time of his stay among us Herr Seidl has won a remarkable popularity. His achievements as conductor at the Metropolitan Opera House have excited the admiration and the wonder of musicians, both lay and professional, and have received appropriate tribute in these columns. The concert which he gave last winter in the vain hope of adding to the Bayreuth fund excited interest in an unusual degree because of the freshness and vigor of the readings which he gave to familiar works. The first of his concerts this year was, therefore, awaited with something more than curiosity, and when he took his place before his band of seventy-five men, he found the hall crowded with music-lovers who were ready and eager to hear the new things which he might have to say on old subjects. He chose one work at least which to the minds of the *cognoscenti* was bound to furnish a test of its powers—Beethoven's Seventh (A-major) Symphony. In it we had a complete exemplification of the difference between the interpretation of a musical classic by a young, impetuous musician, filled with the fire of enthusiasm and a belief that the emotions are the court of last resort in all artistic appeals, and an interpretation by the more numerous class of older conductors who respect tradition and strive for dignity, symmetry and suavity of expression—a difference which is somewhat analogous to that between the pianoforte playing of Rubinstein and Von Bülow. Herr Seidl's reading was interesting throughout and vivid; where he departed most widely from convention, as in the first and last movements, it was also exciting; but we should hesitate to say—as so many of the writers for the daily newspaper press seemed to wish to say, and the frantic applauders probably believed—that the beautiful old symphony was heard for the first time on this occasion. It was a virile piece of music, and it glowed with unwonted dramatic fervor; but these qualities were not gained without some loss of elegance and correctness, and some disregard of the composer's intentions as they appear in the score. The 'Siegfried Idyl' of Wagner was a noble performance, and its beauties came to the front with less obstruction. The other orchestral numbers were the 'Death of Siegfried,' from 'Die Götterdämmerung' and Liszt's symphonic poem, 'Mazeppa.'

Fräulein Adele Aus der Ohe, concerning whom the most flattering accounts had reached us, played Liszt's pianoforte concerto in E-flat, and because it was necessary to quiet the tumult of enthusiasm which followed her remarkable performance, added the same composer's Polonaise in E. She caught up the spirit of the evening and bodied it forth finely in both works. In the concerto she had to compete with a threateningly muscular accompaniment, but she proved fully equal to the task. Her breadth of style and musicianly feeling were quite as remarkable as her digital power, and she left the impression that she was the coming woman—if not also the coming man—for the pianoforte. Herr Niemann sang the 'Ich Grolle Nicht' of Schumann, and Gounod's 'Printemps' (or, since his language was German, 'Frühlingslied'), with Herr Seidl at the pianoforte. But he was in poor form, and his singing was not interesting.

A Poet.

PATIENT he wrought, adjusting word to word,
While loud the critics praised his perfect art;
Till once, in haste, by sudden passion stirred,
He dropped those lines the world has got by heart.

BRADFORD TORREY.

The Musician.

HE sailed unto a foreign land,
His tongue no ear could understand.
He touched the viol-chord, and lo!
Was heard the language all hearts know.

WILLIAM B. GRIFFING.

The Lounger

I HAVE JUST seen a portrait of Robert Louis Stevenson painted from the life. I came unexpectedly upon it in an artist's studio, and fairly started backward as my eyes fell upon it. The word weird is a much-abused word, but I can find no other that so well describes this singular face. When you first look at it, you think it is thin, but it is not. It is long, and so is the hair which hangs beside it in thin damp locks, as though the head had just been dragged up out of the water. The eyes are large, sunken, ghost-seeing; the nose is long and narrow. A moustache of a few damp hairs grows over the mouth, but the cheeks and chin are beardless and have never felt the edge of a razor. This strange, fascinating head rests upon a long, thin, bony hand, which holds it up, not that you may see it, but that those deep-set eyes may peer out into the world in restless quest of the prototypes of those singular beings one meets in this romancer's tales. It is a face that well befits the author of the 'New Arabian Nights,' 'Markheim' and 'The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.'

IN THE current *Century* Mr. Henry James, in an article on Coquelin, has a good deal to say of the French actor's voice—and well he may, as it is the most striking thing about him. 'If M. Coquelin's voice is not sweet,' says Mr. James, 'it is extraordinarily clear, firm, and ringing, and it has an unsurpassable distinctness, a peculiar power to carry. As I write, I seem to hear it ascend like a rocket to the great hushed dome of the theatre of the Rue de Richelieu. It vibrates, it lashes the air, it seems to proceed from some mechanism still more scientific than the human throat.' But it is not only the quality of the voice that produces so striking an effect: it is Mons. Coquelin's manner of using it. He speaks slowly and deliberately, every word by itself, so that the veriest beginner in the study of the French language can understand him. When he arrives in this country—which will be before long, I hope—I should advise teachers of French to take their pupils to hear him, if only for the sake of the lesson. I am afraid he is not going to be very successful here as an actor: his style is not that of the 'star;' but if he is taken only as an instructor in the art of speaking French, he ought to play to crowded houses.

IN THE same magazine is an article on 'Fencing and the New York Fencers,' by Henry Eckford. The tail-piece of this article is

a pen-and-ink caricature of himself by J. W. Alexander, the painter. Mr. Alexander was asked to join the Fencers' Club, and in his reply declining the compliment he sent this sketch to prove that he was not eligible as a member of an athletic club. He is tall, thin and left-handed, but he does not look as much like Don Quixote fighting the wind-mills as he represents himself in this comical sketch.

I HAVE noticed in several newspapers a number of references to the fact that Buffalo Bill proposed to represent the death of Custer in his Wild West show. This has been accompanied by editorial comment expressing surprise at the bad taste that could suggest such a performance with Gen. Custer's widow living almost within hearing of the mimic fray. In justice to Buffalo Bill I may say that he was one of Gen. Custer's warmest friends and greatest admirers, and is on the friendliest terms with his widow. He never comes to town without calling upon her, and before he announced his intention of representing the killing of Custer, he asked and received her permission to do so. His argument was that the public thought too lightly of Custer's death, and that a vivid representation of it would awaken Eastern people to the dangers their defenders are exposed to in the far West. In giving her consent Mrs. Custer stipulated that she should have time to get out of town before the performances began, as it would be very painful to remain here while they were a subject of newspaper comment and general conversation.

I WAS AFRAID, two years ago, that Mr. Blaine's enthusiasm for the clergy would suffer extinguishment in the fiasco that followed the clerical endorsement of his candidacy. But he has evidently forgotten all about the Rev. Dr. Burchard and his maladroit three R's; for I find him not only attending a big meeting of the Congregationalists in Boston, but actually taking the trouble to make a speech to them. He disclaimed descent from the Puritans, who were troubled (he told his hearers) 'with damnable heresies,' and who had 'made a far deeper impression upon civil and patriotic America than even on religious America.' But he doubted that 'the civil influence could be separated from the religious.' It certainly was not in November 1884; and Dr. Burchard, for one, has unquestionably made a far deeper mark on the political than on the religious history of the United States.

MR. BLAINE spoke sensibly on the subject of extempore speaking in the pulpit, advising that ministers should speak rather than read their sermons, but that they should prepare them no less carefully than if they were to be read from manuscript. He said:

> I want extempore speeches in the pulpit that a minister of eloquence has been six weeks preparing, and if you should go to all the great places in which they have been gathered up in a Pentecostal season, you will never see the interposition of manuscript. I would have such influence as Whitefield had in the open field. I would have such influence as Robert Cushman made in the first sermon delivered on New-England soil. I would have such influeuce as Paul exerted before the men of Athens. I would have the imitation of that highest of all spiritual influence when our Divine Master spoke to them on the Mount.

JUDITH VON STUMP is the name chosen by Miss Cleveland for the heroine of her 'Dilemma of the Nineteenth Century' in *Lippincott's;* and when one catches sight of the harsh consonants with which it bristles at the beginning of her poem, he isn't surprised to detect two redundant syllables in the fourth line, and the plural 'physicians' in the fifth rhyming with the singular 'condition' in the seventh. Nor does it amaze him to find, in the fifth stanza, 'polite' accented on the first syllable; nor in the sixth to catch 'Bishop Butler' doing his best to rhyme with 'Mr. Cutter,' and in the sixteenth 'condition' inharmoniously paired off with 'traditions.' Miss Cleveland never hesitates to squeeze extra syllables into the heroic lines of her $500 poem; and this vigorous treatment, while it sometimes saves the sense, cripples the sound incurably. As a work of art it is hopelessly vulgar, and Miss Cleveland's friends will be sorry that she ever wrote it and sorrier still that she gave it to the press.

I HOPE Mr. Fawcett wont read what I have just written. Such words about the work of a lady would go far to confirm his low opinion of the irritable and ungentlemanly race of critics, whom he scathes in the same magazine in which 'The Dilemma' appears. Mr. Fawcett is very amusing when he is angry; now and then he is amusing even when he keeps his temper; the only time you can depend upon his not being amusing, is when he tries to be. He takes life very seriously, and nothing in life so seriously as himself and his verses and his stories. A review not altogether laudatory sets his teeth on edge and sends a cold shiver down his back; a really severe notice of his work offends him beyond the limits of endurance. The 'author's inextinguishable egotism,' of which Mr. Fawcett speaks, referring to himself, has made many a man ridiculous before now; but the writer of the article entitled 'Should Critics be Gentlemen?' in the January *Lippincott's* is a greater sufferer from this malady than any other man who writes in English—a statement that could not have been made so safely had not the author of 'A Mummer's Wife' announced his intention of writing hereafter in French.

The Fine Arts

Art Notes.

REMBRANDT'S celebrated painting 'Le Doreur' ('The Gilder'), bought from the Duc de Morny's heirs last year for $40,000 or more, is on exhibition at Schaus's Art Gallery. It is a very fine example of the master. It shows a man in a broad-brimmed black hat and brown jerkin, with a white ruff about his neck. He is evidently of the burgher or master-workman class. The figure is little less than half-length, and is thrown into solid relief by the lights of the background, which shade off into darks after the inimitable manner associated with Rembrandt's name. The face is instinct with life and expression. The good-humored eyes and mouth seem about to smile at the spectator. The art of portraiture could not be carried farther. The etching by Waltner gives but a faint idea of the beauty of this work, which combines the strongest technique that art has ever known with a power of seizing impressions and grasping human character that has never been excelled. The 'modernity' of this head is wonderful. It will remain on exhibition until next Saturday, and every art-student and art-lover should see and study it.

—Mr. Frederick Wedmore has just issued, through Thibaudeau of London, a very limited edition, for collectors only, of a *catalogue raisonné* of the etchings of Whistler, to which he has prefixed a critical essay on the works themselves.

—Ross Turner has written instructions accompanying six water-color sketches by himself, which show and tell how to study simple subjects of still-life, landscape and flowers in water-colors. They are published by L. Prang & Co., of Boston, and make a volume about as big as a good-sized sketching-pad. There are any number of treatises upon water-colors, but of those which have come to our notice only the most elaborate intended for amateurs rather than practicians seem to us to fairly answer their purpose. Mr. Turner's little book, however, is sure to be a help to the beginner who is in earnest. He has chosen just the sort of subject which is most to be recommended to beginners, has carried his drawings only so far as a beginner may go with safety, shows in separate plates the two distinct stages of his simple process, and gives in his text all necessary instructions in terms which will be readily understood. A fault of most other books of the kind is that they hold within the same pair of covers a range of subjects which it would call for some years of practice to work through. The consequence is that they make the children into whose hands they are put impatient to get on and indifferent to the first steps which are the most important. Mr. Turner has avoided making this mistake, and though his third example is more difficult than his first, the transition is gentle and easy. The lithographic reproductions of the author's sketches are excellent, and may be copied with advantage before proceeding to sketch similar objects from nature.

—Miss Catharine Wolfe's collection of paintings contains works by Knaus, Munkacsy, Rosa Bonheur, Gabriel Max, Meissonier, Cabanel, Meyer von Bremen, Troyon, Corot, Fromentin and Ziem. It is variously estimated as worth from $150,000 to $500,000.

—A number of etchings by C. Storm van's Gravesande will be on private exhibition at the rooms of the Grolier Club from Tuesday till Saturday next.

—An evening class in modelling in clay under Mr. George T. Brewster, a pupil of Mercié, has been opened at the Art Students' League. It will be continued if it receives sufficient support. No examination is required for admission to the class, which at present numbers fifteen.

—F. Leonard H. de Fernelmont, a well-known Dutch sculptor, has taken a studio in this city, where he shows models of some of his most important works. His statues adorn public buildings in Amsterdam and the Hague and several Belgian cities. He treats historical and religious subjects with equal ability. A realistic figure of Saint Benoit Joseph Labre, wandering in his madness through the streets of Rome, gives a good idea of his ability.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti.

[Margaret J. Preston, in *The Literary World*, London.]

O, MASTER of mysterious harmony!
Well hast thou proven to us the right divine
To wear thy name. The glorious Florentine
Had hailed thee comrade on the Stygian sea—
Exiled from haunts of men, and sad as he:
And the strong angel of the inner shrine—
Stooped he not sometimes to that soul of thine,
On messages of radiant ministry?

Thy spiritual breath was the cathedral air
Of the dead ages. Saints have with thee talked
As with a friend. Thou knewest the sacred thrills
That moved Angelico to tears and prayer;
And thou as in a daily dream hast walked
With Perugino midst his Umbrian hills.

The New South.

AT THE annual dinner of the New England Society at Delmonico's on Wednesday evening of last week, Mr. H. W. Grady, proprietor of the representative Southern paper, the Atlanta *Constitution*, of which Mr. Joel Chandler Harris ('Uncle Remus') is editor, responded to the toast, 'The New South.' His speech was so happily conceived, so admirably delivered, and has been so favorably received in all parts of the country, that we need make no apology for printing it in full.

'There was a South of secession and slavery—that South is dead. There is a South of union and freedom—that South is living, breathing, growing every hour.' These words, delivered from the lips of Benjamin H. Hill, in Tammany Hall in 1866, make my text for to-night.

MR. PRESIDENT AND GENTLEMEN: Let me express to you my appreciation of the kindness by which I am permitted to address you. I make this abrupt acknowledgment advisedly, for I felt that if, when I raised my provincial voice in this ancient and august presence, I could find courage for no more than the opening sentence, it would be well if, in that sentence, I had met in a rough sense my obligation as a guest, and had perished, so to speak, with courtesy on my lips and grace in my heart. Permitted through your kindness to catch my second wind, let me say that I appreciate the significance of being the first Southerner to speak at this board, which bears the substance, if it surpasses the semblance, of original New-England hospitality, and honors a sentiment that in turn honors you but in which my personality is lost, and the compliment to my people made plain.

I bespeak the utmost stretch of your courtesy to-night. I am somewhat indifferent to those from whom I come. You remember the man whose wife sent him to a neighbor with a pitcher of milk and who tripping on the top step, fell, with such casual interruption as the landings afforded, into the basement, and while picking himself up had the pleasure of hearing his wife call out: 'John, did you break the pitcher.' 'No, I didn't,' said John, 'but I'll be dinged if I don't.'

So while those who call to me from behind may inspire me with energy if not with courage, I ask an indulgent hearing from you. I beg that you will bring your full faith in American fairness and frankness to a judgment upon what I shall say. There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was to read in the morning. The boys finding the place glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page: 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'—then turning the page—'140 cubits long, 40 cubits wide, built of gopher wood, and covered with pitch inside and out.' He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said: 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.' If I could get you to hold such faith to-night I could proceed cheerfully to the task I otherwise approach with a sense of consecration.

Pardon me one word, Mr. President, spoken for the purpose of getting into the volumes that go out annually freighted with the rich eloquence of your speakers—the fact that the Cavalier as well as the Puritan was on this continent in its early days, and that he was 'up and able to be about.' I have read your books carefully and I find no mention of that fact, which seems to me important for preserving a sort of historical equilibrium.

With the Cavalier once established as a fact in your charming little books I shall let him work out his own salvation, as he has always done with engaging gallantry, and we will hold no controversy as to his merits. Why should we? Neither Puritan nor Cavalier long survived as such. The virtues and traditions of both happily still live for the inspiration of their sons and the saving of the old fashion. But both Puritan and Cavalier were lost in the storm of the first Revolution, and the American citizen, supplanting both and stronger than either, took possession of the Republic bought by their common blood and fashioned in wisdom, and charged himself with teaching men free government and establishing the voice of the people as the voice of God. Mr. Talmage has just said that the typical American is yet to come. Great types like valuable plants are slow to flower and fruit. But from the union of these colonists, from the straightening of their purposes and the crossing of their blood, slow perfecting through a century, came he who stands as the first typical American, the first who comprehended within himself all the strength and gentleness, all the majesty and grace of this Republic—Abraham Lincoln. He was the sum of Puritan and Cavalier, for in his ardent nature were fused the virtues of both, and in the depths of his great soul the faults of both were lost. He was greater than Puritan, greater than Cavalier, in that he was American—and that in his homely form were first gathered the vast and thrilling forces of this ideal government—charging it with such tremendous meaning and so elevating it above human suffering that martyrdom, though infamously aimed, came as a fitting crown to a life consecrated from its cradle to human liberty. Let us, each cherishing his traditions and honoring his fathers, build with reverent hands to the type of this simple but sublime life, in which all types are honored, and in the common glory we shall win as Americans there will be plenty and to spare for your forefathers and for mine.

In speaking to the toast with which you have honored me, I accept the term 'The New South' as in no sense disparaging to the Old. Dear to me, sir, is the home of my childhood and the traditions of my people. There is a New South, not through protest against the Old, but because of new conditions, new adjustments, and, if you please, new ideas and aspirations. It is to this that I address myself. You have just heard an eloquent description of the triumphant armies of the North, and the grand review at Washington. I ask you, gentlemen, to picture if you can the footsore soldier, who, buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was taken, testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds. Having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of his comrades, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot the old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you, who went to your homes eager to find all the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find, when he reaches the home he left four years before? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves freed, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away, his people without law or legal status, his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions gone. Without money, credit, employment, material or training—and, besides all this, confronted with the gravest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold,—does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had scourged him in his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity! As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged upon your lines, General Sherman, marched before the plough, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and with a patience and heroism that fits woman always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. 'Bill Arp' struck the keynote when he said: 'Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me and now I am going to work'—or the soldier, returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: 'You may leave the South, if you want to, but I am going to Sanderville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more I will whip 'em again.' I want to say to General Sherman—who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire—that from the ashes left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our

homes and have builded therein not one single ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the general summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the school house on the hill top and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich, when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent. and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners and have smoothed the path to the southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung our latch string out to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his own wife cooks are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did 'before the war.' We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee as he squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausages in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these 'piping times of peace' a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel on the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hands than the up-lifting and up-building of the prostate and bleeding South —misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. On the record of her social, industrial and political restoration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents, or progressed in honor and equity towards its solution? Let the record speak to this point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owning class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws and the friendship of our people. Self-interest as well as honor demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation, your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty against which the arms of man cannot pervail, while those of our statesmen who made slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in the light of advancing civilization. Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill, he would have been foolish; for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hands that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South with the North protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as the law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It should be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary, by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he 'determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle'—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and has been since, loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accepted as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in a toad's head. The shackles that had held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old regime the negroes were slaves to the South, the South was a slave to the system. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture, but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading into the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex needs of this complex age.

The New South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair on her face. She is thrilling, sir, with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon an expanding horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because in the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed and her brave armies were beaten. This is said in no spirit of time-serving and apology. I should be unjust to the South if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back; nothing for which she has excuses to make. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hills—a plain white shaft. Deep cut into its shining sides is a name dear to me above the names of men, that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England from Plymouth Rock all the way would I exchange the heritage he left me in his patriot's death. To the foot of that shaft I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held the balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of the soil about the city in which I live is sacred as a battleground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory and doubly hallowed to us by the blood of those who died hopeless, but undaunted in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but stanch witness in its rich desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms —speaking and eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble Union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

What answer has New-England to this message? Will she permit the prejudices of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in hearts which never felt the generous ardor of conflict it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gathered about the couch of your dying captain, filling his heart with peace, touching his lips with praise and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sight of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, or a cheat and a delusion? If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal. But if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of good-will and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster delivered to this very Society forty years ago amid tremendous applause be verified in its fullest and final sense, when he said: 'Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same Government, united, all united now and united forever. There have been diffi-

culties, contentions and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment

> Those opposed eyes,
> Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
> March all one way.'

Current Criticism

THACKERAY AND DR. MCCOSH.—It is not perhaps generally known at Princeton that among the ballads of Thackeray is to be found one on Dr. McCosh. The occasion of the writing of this is quite interesting. At the time when the effort was made to put Protestant education into the Queen's colleges, Dr. McCosh was a pastor in Scotland, and had already published two of his great works. He was called to the professorship of logic and metaphysics in the College at Belfast, and the consequence was a great outcry on the part of all Irishmen because one of their nationality had not been chosen for the position. Ridiculing this outcry, Thackeray wrote the ballad in question, entitled 'The Last Irish Grievance.' The preface is unique and very characteristic of Thackeray. It runs as follows: 'On reading of the general indignation occasioned in Ireland by the appointment of a Scotch professor to one of her Majesty's godless colleges, Master Molly Molony, brother of Thadeus Molony, Esq., of the Temple, a youth only fifteen years of age, dashed off the following spirited lines:' Master Molly Molony is an Irishman of the true stamp, and he wipes 'red tears of revinge' from his face as he upholds to the

> world's datestation,
> The sleeves that appointed Prof. McCosh.

He patriotically asks:

> Was there ever a Government-pleece (with a pinsion),
> But children of Erin were fit for that task?

It is his private opinion that

> On the logic of Saxons there's little reliance.

And he stoutly declares,

> And if you've no neetive professor to taych me,
> I scawurn to be learned by the Saxon McCosh.

—*The Princetonian.*

TOURGUÉNEFF IN PARIS.—A letter from Tourguéneff, the Russian novelist, has recently come to light, in which he describes his habits during his stay in that city. He had no experience of French hotels, as he stopped with one of his numerous friends whenever he had occasion to visit Paris. The letter is addressed to a near relation at St. Petersburg. 'I am an early riser,' he writes. 'In the morning I am literally flooded with visitors. After passing my day as the spirit moves me, I return to dinner with my host. We dine *en famille*, and the meal is enlivened by bright and clever conversation and excellent wine, this last being in my opinion a most important detail, which I think you at least will be able to appreciate. When at last dinner is over we sit round the fireside roasting chestnuts. If I do not wish to be bothered with the idle chatter of an intruder, I assume an absent look and appear deeply immersed in thought. This ruse effectually protects me. . . . You ask me if I am much of a theatre-goer. This year I have been but three or four times at most, and this is about the usual average. I carefully avoid the newspaper offices. I find that the majority of French journalists are so filled with an idea of the importance of their position as public sentinels that they become to me uninteresting companions. Arrogance of all sorts I detest. Still, I have many much-loved friends among the literary world here. There are three or four whom I constantly meet with. Émile Zola, Victor Hugo, and Alphonse Daudet are my particular friends. I had a strong affection for Flaubert; nevertheless, this partiality was addressed rather to the man himself than to his writings, of which I am not a warm admirer. Émile Zola, whose works are so eagerly sought after in Russia, is undoubtedly a man of talent, but, to speak frankly, he neither knows, nor desires to know, aught else save what he can find in the literature of his own country.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

TWO QUALITIES OF WHISTLER'S ETCHINGS.—But though the value of many of his etchings, as he might himself tell us, consists in the exquisiteness of their execution, and of their arrangement of line, it would be unfair not to acknowledge, in addition, that among the many things it has been given to Whistler to perceive, it has been given to him to perceive beautiful character and exquisite line in humanity—that, certainly, just as much as quaintness and charm in the wharves and warehouses of the Pool, in the squalid elegance of the side-canals of Venice, in the shop-fronts of Chelsea. The almost unknown etching of his mother, which is one of the most refined performances of his career, proves his possession of the quality which permitted Rembrandt to draw with the reticence of a real pathos his most impressive portraits of the aged—the 'Lutma,' the 'Clément de Jonghe,' the 'Mère de Rembrandt, au Voile Noir.' Again, the 'Fanny Leyland,' and 'The Muff,' and the lady of the Speke Hall, attest Mr. Whistler's solution of the problem which presents itself so continually to the ingenious, so uselessly to the incompetent—the problem of seeing beauty in modern dress and grace in the modern figure. Mr. Whistler, no more than Monsieur Degas or Mr. Gregory, sighs for the artificial dignity of the fashions of other times. He is able to descry a piquancy in the contemporary hat, and to find a grace in the flutter of flounce and frill. And what else, after all, should we expect from an artist a sweep of whose brush would give distinction to the St. George's Union Infirmary in the Fulham Road, and for whom, under the veil of night or dusk, the chimney of the Swan Brewery would wear an aspect not less beautiful than that of King's College Chapel? It has been given to this master of etching to see common things with a poetical eye.—*Frederick Wedmore.*

Magazine Notes.

'MODERNITY' of the most modern sort is the keynote of *La Revue Illustrée*, which appears this month with a portrait by J. Van Beers of a Monsieur 'Superchic' in red coat and black knee-breeches on its cover. Its principal contents are a pretty colored plate, called 'Fleurs de Printemps,' after Chaplin; an Impressionistic woodcut, 'La Récolte du Sable,' by A. Lepère; a short poem by Francois Coppée; De Musset's 'Horace et Lydie' set to music by Massenet; an illustrated article on the making of chocolate bonbons; several short stories illustrated, and an article on 'Modes Originales' for the ladies. (International News Co.)——The January *English Illustrated* will contain the first of a series of illustrated papers by the author of 'John Halifax,' descriptive of a recent visit to Ireland. Among the other articles will be 'The Daughters of George III.,' by W. Outram Tristram, with illustrations; and a series of illustrations to Fouqué's 'Undine' by Heywood Sumner, with an article on the romance by Miss Julia Cartwright.

The first number of *Murray's Magazine* will contain a poetical introduction to 'Lara' and 'Some Reminiscences of my First Introduction to Mme de Staël,' by Lord Byron, neither of which has yet seen the light.——In the January *Magazine of American History* is begun the series of papers on American journalism, the first chapter, by S. G. W. Benjamin, treating of the 'Pre-Revolutionary Editors.' The 'timely' article in this number is Major Bundy's 'Tribute to Chester A. Arthur,' which is accompanied with a frontispiece portrait of the late ex-President.——T. Fisher Unwin has become the English publisher of *St. Nicholas* as well as of *The Century*.——The December number of *The Harvard Monthly* contains several particularly interesting papers—'Mr. Hamerton on Literature in a Republic,' by Col. Higginson, 'Utopian Dreams of Literary Men,' by C. T. Sempers, and 'Aristophanes in New York,' by Owen Wister.——A careful estimate of 'Lowell's Poetry,' by C. F. Brusie, is the leading article in *The Williams Literary Monthly* for January.——*The Library Journal* for last month contains 'A Trial Bibliography of George Perkins Marsh,' by H. L. Koopman of the Billings Library. THE CRITIC'S review of 'The American Catalogue' is reprinted in this number.

The Overland Monthly, which is gaining a stronger foothold both in the East and in the West, was started eighteen years ago by Bret Harte, Noah Brooks, Charles Warren Stoddard, and about twenty other men and women full of spirited interest in establishing a literary journal on the Pacific Coast. It had reached a paying circulation before the break of seven years in its record; but owing to the failure of the Bank of California and the great mining disasters, it was temporarily suspended. In July, 1882, it was again resumed, under the title of *The Californian and Overland Monthly*, but soon took its original title again. It has been steadily gaining in success, and is now confident of a brilliant future. The editions have ranged from 2,500 to 12,000 copies per month. The magazine rightly aims to preserve a flavor of the Pacific Coast, but it supplies material which deserves, and is gaining, more than local recognition.——In the December *Andover Review* Prof. G. H. Palmer, of Harvard, resumes the debate on 'The Elective System,' and examines the limitations upon it which are proposed or attempted. He condemns those which he examines, reserving the constructive part of his discussion for another article. Dr. W. T. Harris analyzes and compares the English and German character, as 'A Study in the Philosophy of History.' Other articles are by Prof. W. R. Benedict and Dr. F. M. Post.——The Century

Co. are circulating a letter written by George Alfred Townsend to the *World*, twenty-one years ago, announcing the Hay-Nicolay biography of Lincoln.——*Queries* for December contains a portrait (not a very good one, it must be confessed) of Robert Browning, followed by brief extracts from critical articles on the poet and brief selections from many of his poems. Buffalo's literary monthly starts promisingly on its third annual voyage.

Notes

The Pall Mall Gazette has collected and sent to Walt Whitman a New Year's present of $400. A writer in the *World*, referring to the period of the poet's early manhood, when he lived with his father in Babylon, says:

Walt Whitman, as described by the old ladies of the village, was a handsome youth, full of life, pert in his manner and brisk in his walk. He was broad-shouldered and muscular, always walking erect, with a sailor swing of easy independence. His dress suggested a 'water-dog.' His collar was cut low and his shirt front was usually rolled back, exposing his robust breast. A short sailor-jacket and wide trousers contributed an air of salt water, and suggested a jolly marine out for an airing. Capt. Simon Cooper is reported as saying, 'I can smell salt water ten miles away just on seeing Whitman.'

—*The Academy* hears from New York that 'Major Pond, before leaving England for America, engaged Mr. Charles Dickens and M. Max O'Rell for a lecturing tour in the United States during the season 1887–88.'

—W. H. Allen & Co., of London, announce a History of the United States, in two volumes, covering the period from the foundation of Virginia and the Plymouth Colony down to the close of the Civil War and the re-establishment of self-government in the Southern States. The author, Mr. Percy Greg, has been known from the publication of his first volume of verse—'Interleaves,' in 1875—as a strong sympathizer with the Southern cause.

—Mrs. Bolton's 'Poor Boys who Became Famous' and 'Girls who Became Famous,' published by T. Y. Crowell & Co., are each in their sixth thousand.

—To Brown University the will of the late Hon. Daniel W. Lyman, of Providence, bequeaths $50,000 for the erection of a building for any use not sectarian, to be called the Lyman Memorial, with a reversion of half the entire estate.

—Harvard College has been left $400,000 by the will of the late John O. A. Williams. This is to be known as the 'Williams Fund,' and is intended to aid needy and deserving scholars.

—William Cushing, of Cambridge, Mass., has prepared a book of 'Anonyms,' a companion volume to his 'Initials and Pseudonyms,' comprising the titles of some 20,000 books and pamphlets, with the names of the authors, followed by brief biographical notices, or references to 'Initials and Pseudonyms,' and an index of authors giving the pages where their works are named. The work will be valuable to scholars as a reference book, and still more valuable to libraries, and the American Library Association has recommended libraries to give financial assistance to the author in bringing it out.

—Sidney Woollett's first morning recital at the Madison Square Theatre will be given on Monday, Jan. 3d. He will read Tennyson's 'Elaine.' Among the lady patronesses of these entertainments are Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. W. W. Astor, Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger, Mrs. Burton N. Harrison, Mrs. John Sherwood, Mrs. D. S. Appleton and Mrs. E. L. Youmans.

—Mr. Browning is said to have expressed himself greatly pleased with Mr. Arthur Symons's Introduction to his works just published by Cassell & Co.

—Prof. R. Lanciani, of the University of Rome, is to give a course of ten lectures on 'Roman Archæology' at Johns Hopkins University, beginning Tuesday, January 4th, and continuing on successive Wednesdays, Fridays, and Mondays until January 24th. The lecturer is a Member of the Roman Archæological Commission, and has charge of the excavations now in progress in Rome.

—The Modern Languages Convention of America met in Baltimore at the Johns Hopkins University this week. President Gilman made an address of welcome, which was replied to by Prof. Franklin Carter, president of Williams College. Nearly all the principal colleges in the United States are represented.

—The fifth annual meeting of the American Society of Naturalists was held on Tuesdsy in the room of the Engineers' Club, Girard Street, Philadelphia. Addresses were made by the President, G. K. Gilbert, of the United States Coast Survey, and by Prof. E. B. Wilson. Among other distinguished scientists present were Dr. Harrison Allen, Prof. E. D. Cope, Charles A. Ashburner and Prof. Samuel E. Clarke, of Williams College. Prof. Leidy, of Philadelphia, was elected an honorary member of the Society,

—Messrs. Chapman & Hall have arranged for the issue of an edition of 'The Pickwick Papers' which will probably be published on the anniversary of the Queen's accession, and will contain *facsimiles* of all the original drawings, including some never yet published.

—William Stuart, well known some years ago as a theatrical manager and dramatic critic, died on Monday evening of heart disease. Mr. Stuart was an Irishman, and his real name was Edmund O'Flaherty.

—W. W. Rockhill, of the American Legation at Peking, has ready for the press a work on Tibet. In preparing it he has used not only extracts from such Chinese books on the subject as are available at Peking, but also a great amount of information supplied to him by Chinese and Tibetan travellers.

—'A Venetian Lover,' a novel by Edward King, is about to appear simultaneously in England and the United States, so that the copyright may be secured in both countries.

—F. A. F., of Hanover, N. H., writes: 'The article entitled "Writers Who Lack College Training," reprinted in your columns from the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, mentions the late Paul H. Hayne as an example of this class; yet in an article reprinted in THE CRITIC of July 17th from the New York *Times*, it is stated that Mr. Hayne "was graduated with high honors" from "the college of Charleston" in 1850.'

—In Elliott Stock's attractively-printed 'List of Books on Antiquarian, Bibliographical, Historical and Other Subjects,' we find the entry 'Paper Knives, made from the wood of the bed-room in which Burns died at Dumfries, price 2s 6d each, post free.'

—The British Consul at Lisbon denies recent statements concerning the condition of the tomb of Henry Fielding. He says it is not 'overgrown with weeds' or with anything else. It is sheltered, but in nowise concealed, by two fine cypress trees, and it stands out from its surroundings as clearly and as conspicuously as could be desired. The cemetery is well-tended.

—Dr. William Perry, of Exeter, N. H., celebrated his ninety-eighth birthday on December 20th. He is the sole survivor of the passengers on Robert Fulton's steamboat on its memorable trial trip down the Hudson River seventy-nine years ago, and is the oldest surviving graduate of Harvard College. Though another member of the Class of 1811 is still alive—William R. Sever, of Plymouth, Mass.—yet Dr. Perry is his senior by two years and a half. He can recall every incident of the famous trip down the Hudson. In appearance he is compared to the 'Country Doctor,' of whom his grand-daughter, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, has written.

The Free Parliament

[*Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.*]

ANSWERS.

No. 1222.—Thomas Campbell's 'Hallowed Ground,' printed in *The New Monthly Magazine* for October, 1825, contains the following stanza:

> But strew his ashes to the wind,
> Whose sword or voice has served mankind,
> And is he dead whose glorious mind
> Lifts thine on high?
> To live in hearts we leave behind
> Is not to die.

MANCHESTER, CONN. S. W. R.

[E. G. K., of Warwick, Pa., also answers this question.]

Publications Received

Receipt of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given, the publication is issued in New York.

A Californian Greeting. By the Members of the Art Students' League. San Francisco: William Doxey.
Coleridge, S. T. Confessions of an Inquiring Spirit, etc. 10c. ..... Cassell & Co.
Cope, E. D. The Origin of the Fittest. $3.00. ..... D. Appleton & Co.
Cowdin, J. B. Elsie's Wedding. ..... Brooklyn: D. S. Holmes.
Haggard, H. R. She. 25c ..... Harper & Bros.
Lodge, H. C. The Works of Alexander Hamilton. Vol. IX. $5.00. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
Norman, Henry. The Witching Time. 25c. ..... D. Appleton & Co.
Palfrey, S. H. (E. Foxton.) The Blossoming Rod. ..... Boston: Cupples, Upham & Co.
Wells, David A. A Study of Mexico. $1.00. ..... D. Appleton & Co.
Yonge, C. M. A Modern Telemachus. 25c. ..... Harper & Bros.